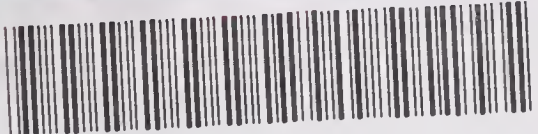


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WALTER C. LANYON

AUTHOR OF

And It Was Told of a Certain Potter
Embers

Abd Allah, Healer, Teacher

Once Upon a Time

Face to Face

Run Outdoors and Look Up

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You Sent That Letter,
Didn't You?

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You Sent That Letter, Didn't You?

DOU sent that letter this morning, didn't you? You carefully wrote it, addressed and sealed it, and then you dropped it in the box. You didn't have a string tied to it, did you? No, you just dropped it in the box and went on your way. You didn't think that the box was especially burglar-proof, did you? And you didn't wonder how it would get from the box to the postoffice, and from the postoffice to the train, did you? You didn't spend all that morning worrying about whether the train would arrive with it, did you? No, you dropped it light-heartedly into the box and forgot it.

You sent that prayer this morning,

didn't you? You carefully made your declarations for right and offset the wrong thoughts. You addressed your prayer to the All Highest and only ONE. But what did you do after you had sent it? You had a string of worry attached to it, and kept pulling it back to you to see if you could not add another word, or to see if it were really "made." All morning long you doubted and at evening you still doubted, and the next morning you sent another prayer; but it, too, was attached by a string of doubt and fear and did not get far.

Several days after you sent the letter you received an answer which read: "I have your letter of such and such a date;" and you recalled that you had written a letter. Still you didn't rush

out of doors and stop every passer-by and say, "I sent a letter and got a reply," and then elaborated on how you went through the whole affair, how you had hunted for paper and spilled the ink, or lost your pencil, etc. No, you accepted the letter, read it, got the benefit from it and went on your way.

And finally, in a half-hearted way, the poor little prayer which only half loosened, came back to you with a ray of light and you rushed to your nearest neighbor and said: "I had a demonstration—you see it was this way, etc."

"O ye of little faith!" Why don't you cut the strings of worry that are attached to your every thought and "loose it and let it go?" Have the same faith back of your prayer that you have back of the letter and it will return to

you with greater certainty and with surer reward.

Away out in the front lines while the battle was raging, a carrier pigeon was let loose with a message, and as he disappeared into the distance, fading away into the limpid blue of the sky, no worried thought hampered his voyage. When they "loosed him and let him go" they knew that he would fly to his destination and results would follow.

Who has not felt the perfect faith of a child in St. Nicholas? They ask for their heart's desire and are never left without some expression of love. When ye ask, ask as believing ye shall receive. You don't go into a store and ask the clerk for a certain article and then chase madly about repeating the request a thousand times. You ask and then

wait. And so when we learn to ask and wait—wait with the patience which is absolute faith—then we shall constantly receive the reply, the reward that is rightfully ours. “Ask and ye shall receive; knock and it shall be opened unto you; seek and ye shall find.” Don’t knock and at the same time try to force an entrance by the window. The master of the house will take you for a robber and only bar his doors heavier.

And so as you send a letter send your prayers—let them go forth unhampered, untrammelled by fear, worry or care. Don’t stampede your thoughts—a multitude of assertions accomplish nothing, they only congest your thinking. Speak to your Father in secret, and he will reward thee openly.

Realization

Realization



STOP waiting and start realizing. “All things are possible to the man who believes and who trusts in God.” You don’t have to wait for the Kingdom of Heaven until you die. You cannot die into it, and long years of waiting will not bring it any nearer, for “The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.” NOW is your keynote—stop living in the future and get into the NOW of your life.

Wherever this finds you, look about you and see what percent of your life you really live in waiting, expecting something that is coming, and never grasping the idea that it is all here right now.

“Act as possessing all things.” Jesus’ mission on earth was to set aside all old ideas of material growth. He didn’t have to spend long years digging in the mountains to find gold with which to pay his taxes. He turned to the illimitable source of supply which was at hand to bless, and drew his substance—his gold. He did not have to plant wheat, cultivate it and worry along with it in order to have bread to feed the multitude. He just reached out into the storehouse of the all-present Mind and realized that it was the substance of all things and that what he needed to do was to realize it. He realized all things and always acknowledged their presence before they were seen with the material eye. For we read that he “raised his eyes to heaven

(centered his attention on the inexhaustible source) and gave thanks." Yes, he gave thanks before he could see it. Why? Because he knew that God is the source of all there is and that he abundantly supplied his ideas with that which was needful. Not gold in the desert, where there was nothing to buy, but water. The mind of God is logical—it is logic—it works in rythm—in cadence—and never loses or gains in action, but is a steady perpetual motion.

"God is in his heaven—all is well with the world." "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand"—"The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." Only believe, and all things are yours. "Now is the accepted time"—right now, while you are reading this. Right now while I am writ-

ing “is the accepted time” to bring about realization, to live it, to sing it, to go about our Father’s business, using his inexhaustible supply. Absence of God in our thoughts is the only thing that can keep away demonstration. Where God is, there is an abundance of all things—he feeds us on his ideas.

You think you lack love, money, home, etc., but what you really lack is the consciousness of God. If He were dwelling in your thoughts continually these things would be added. Jesus did not worry about hotel accommodations when he went from place to place, he simply knew that “the upper chamber” was always ready for him. All things are mental before they are expressed in the material. Then speak the word out: “My word shall not re

turn unto me void, but shall accomplish whereunto it is sent.” What a wonderful command to leave with us, and he has said that “the things I do, ye shall do also—and even greater.” He spoke the word to the sea and it was calm; he spoke supply to tangible existence; he spoke health to light; and “the things I do, ye shall do also.”

Wake up your realization—make it part of your daily task to realize things for right now. Act as possessing all things. “When ye pray, believe that ye shall have these things.” The Bible is vibrant with help and instructions for the NOW-ness of our lives—constantly are we invited to live now.

Start realization to work today—realize that you have God’s love with you right now—and as you grow from

step to step you will see the “word made flesh” you will feel the thrill of this present PRESENCE. Keep saying to yourself, “Now is the accepted time—now is the day of salvation.” There is no material law that can hold you back—the way is clear and the open door is through this consciousness of Realization.

Your Talent

Your Talent

DID you know that you had a special something, a special, peculiar little something that made you different from the whole world? Of course you did; but you never dreamed that it would enable you to step out of the ugly grey mass of routine living and give you a little place all of your own. No, I don't mean that it would make a queen or a mighty monarch of you, but it will make you infinitely greater; and this little something that lies wrapped in the napkin of fear, and which you only visit in the very secret closet of your own imagination, is your Talent.

You've been so used to fading out of

sight and being a member of those who accept all things, that you never even made an effort to see what you would really be like if you “cut loose” once and let this little seed in you take root and flower.

In your heart of hearts is written your name—a name which is peculiar to you and which no other idea has—and it is this name, this something, which is to be brought out, to be made great.

Mariah was from far off Russia. She worked hard in the fields with her sisters and brothers, but something kept whispering to her. Something within stirred—it was talent which was working itself out of the napkin. It pointed the way out across the land far across the seas into a strange place that

she knew not of; but a fearlessness led her on, and every day the way was made clearer, until at last she found herself in her place—a place which was waiting for her in a land where few spoke her tongue; but that place was hers and the Talent led her to it and it was a place of growth and success, of happiness and harmony.

So within you the Talent keeps whispering and trying to edge its way out of the napkin of your fear, but you keep wrapping it tighter with new illusions and will not let it come to the light. You are afraid to do what it bids you do. “What would people say.” You are overcome with the fear that other people would say things. They intimidate you into a state of “greyness” you don’t dare to come out and be your-

self. You coward!—you are afraid to live your life—the life that you cherish above all things. You are scared to become great because it means work and it means hewing to the line and letting the world take care of itself. Let them talk—their gossiping and sneers will soon be turned into hero worship. They are the “grey mass” to which you belonged and they change with the wind. Don’t mind them when they say, “You cannot,” or “Aren’t you afraid to do that?” These very voices will be saying, “I always knew that you would make a go of it.”

Here’s what you need: It’s more communion with God. Take Him at His word and trust Him to the last letter of His promises. He wants to bless you—to manifest Himself through you,

to make your talent shine forth—and He's the only partner you need in life's business. You need Him and you need His instructions. "Get wisdom." Wisdom comes from cutting away from the worldly things and turning your attention to Love—childlike (not childish) and simple.

Your place is waiting for you—it is the place of your desires, if your desires are good—it is beckoning you, and God is willing to lead you there and to call you by the secret name which is written in the tablet of your heart.

Can't you just let go? Can't you just break away from all the old things and plunge forth guided by this Talent—by this name—and live your own life? By so doing you will be losing your material sense of life, and find that which

is real, that which is eternal and lasting. When the material napkin which is holding your Talent from the light is taken away, then you are wrapped in the substance of Mind, which is infinite and in which you can go on unfolding, growing grander, nobler and lovelier each succeeding year.

I Am That Which I Desire
to Be

I Am That Which I Desire to Be

DO YOU know the secret of life?
Do you know the password
which will open all closed doors?
Do you know the thrill of real life?
Would you like to feel continually as
you do on some fine spring morning,
when the sun is just peeping through
the rose and turquoise and flirting with
a million diamond dewdrops?

YOU CAN.

Here is the password for you:

“I am that which I desire to be.”

One moment, please. Use no head-
strong, blind and stubborn will power.
Use no struggling, mental gymnastics,
and contort your mind by vainly declar-
ing so many words.

LISTEN:

You remember who "I AM THAT I AM" is, don't you? It is the name of every living man. Because "I AM" has sent me. My name is "I AM." Your name is "I AM."

What did "I AM" send you here for, but to give expression to Himself; to give expression to love, beauty, holiness, harmony, happiness? Take your Bible down from the shelf and find out what the attributes of God are. They are peace, holiness, happiness, beauty.

Your means of communication with God is called prayer, and prayer is desire. Doesn't it begin to look simple? You have your "I AM" and your meaning for "desire." And since all good comes from God, who is good, then even your desires are in reality the "still

small voice" seeking utterance in you—yes, your very desires are (in reality in so far as they are good) the open lines of communication — are the messages from God to you.

Did you ever desire to be that which you are not? Did you ever desire to be strong, well, happy and well supplied? Aren't these all good desires? Where did they come from? From the base, so-called mortal mind?

You never stopped to realize, did you, that your desires are the embryonic formations waiting to be made manifest in the flesh? "Thy will be done"—let thyself be manifested in me.

"As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." What are you thinking?

"Now are we the sons of God"—NOW, in great glowing, vibrant letters.

No matter what you were an hour or a minute or even a year ago—"NOW are we the sons of God." NOW—think about the present possibility of the word—NOW.

The pattern which moulds our desires is already cast for us "Sons of God." Then desire to be what you are—a child of the King. Are you acting to the full extent of your nobility? "Seek (in prayer desire) the Kingdom of Heaven (which is within) and all things shall be added."

"All things are yours." "You are that which you desire to be NOW."

Camilla

Camilla

CAMILLA is not a story book character, she is not a creature manufactured to suit the issue, she is a real, live woman—a nun, living in an old grey stone convent which is situated on a beautiful mountain which overlooks the winding Moselle River.

We met her one morning coming from the little chapel where she had been at prayer. It was a clear morning with a high blue sky, the faint perfume of wild mountain flowers and vegetation was in the air—the year was at spring. As she stepped out into the open she seemed to fit perfectly with the setting, as if she were the personification of youth eternal. As she passed

us she did not shyly cast her eyes to the ground, but looked up at us with wide-open blue eyes—eyes full of lovely fearlessness, eyes full of depth and wonder; eyes of youth with the wisdom of ages shining through them. This woman had youth in her grasp—clear, firm, white skin with a transparency to it; lips red and full of expression—youth was so evident that it made itself felt.

“Not a minute over eighteen,” said one of us. But Camilla was a woman who would soon count her years sixty. Later in the day I talked with her, and here is how she did it.

“At twenty I found myself practically an old woman, both in mind and body. I was weary and life was more or less of a burden to me, and it was at this time I became a nun. Soon after I be-

gan to study the 'Word' it came to me that I had never really lived, that the sense of fleeting youth which I had was nothing but a shadow—a shadow of the real youth which was eternal and everlasting. I soon realized that God could not grow old, not in the sense of decay; that nature never grew old—she renewed herself annually—and gradually I came to know that if God could not grow old that Man—His idea and image and likeness—could not age.

“In seeking the Kingdom of Heaven first we are told that all things shall be added to us. In seeking the Kingdom of Heaven we are seeking youth, joy, harmony, happiness. The Kingdom is not made up of aged persons, it is vibrant with youth eternal; and finally I began to realize that I was a part of the

Kingdom of Heaven and that in reality I was only seeking my true self.

“ ‘Seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you; ask and ye shall receive,’ so I went forth seeking the real life. As God was everywhere present I found Him expressed in all nature. I found Him expressed in His universe—and I was of His universe, in fact I was a part of it—not a part from it. Just like the lovely force which impelled the rose to cover her vines with snowy white blossoms, I found that power growing and growing in me, swelling up in me, until one day I felt the complete thrill—the ‘Divine spark’—which awakened in me and made me feel this rejuvenation taking place. God is everywhere and He is life eternal and youth eternal. If

He is eternal youth and is everywhere I could literally bathe in youth. Not only that, but I felt that I was a part of the whole scheme and drew my life, my vitality, my youth from the same source which impelled the whole plan. Yonder on the mountain the grey mist hovered and swayed over the crest, the sun plunged through it and then the blue patch showed in the distance. The heather on the foothills was like a flash of purple, the white hawthorn tree glistened in the warm sun, and I a part of it all, vibrated with youth eternal.

“I learned to love it all—love the whole plan like one loves the members of his own household—nothing was unlovely when viewed rightly and everything yielded to the touch of its gentleness—the touch of love. If it rained I

went about my duties with a feeling that everything was being purified—that everything was being filled full of purity—and I too drank deeply of purity. If the sun poured down upon me, I felt it making a halo about me of pure gold—gold that would endure. I felt it sifted joy all about me and filled the throats of the birds with glorious notes, and so I sang and thrilled for life. If the wind blew and raged about, I was happy yet in the thought that things were being changed about. This was a readjustment; old dead leaves were caught up and carried off—dust was moved from secluded corners—readjustment was taking place—and so I felt the readjustment enter me—the power to say, ‘Not mine—but thine be done.’ In winter when the snow fell I

knew that everything in this universe was busily engaged working and studying, unfolding and getting ready for greater growth.

And so I learned from the weather that after all it was but for a lesson to us—that we should rejoice regardless what the manifestation was. Further, I began to realize that not only was I seeking youth, happiness harmony, but that I was youth, happiness, harmony.”

* * * * *

Just then a band of happy youngsters came running up the hill and caught Camilla in their arms—grabbing onto her long black skirts—youth had sought youth and found it and bore her off down into the flower-dotted valley. Camilla was sixty—the world called her sixteen.

Before the Sandman Comes

Before the Sandman Comes

DID you ever invite the Sandman over to see you and have him turn you down? Or have you ever waked up in the night and found that half a dozen long, never-ending, black hours were awaiting you before morning would come? I know you have, and I know that sometimes you have tried that old trick of self-hypnotism of counting the sheep as they went over the fence and found that it, too, failed; and at last in sheer despair you have tossed and tumbled about and mentally flayed yourself into a state of absolute fatigue. Did you know that there was a sure and direct way leading into Slumberland?—so easy to travel,

so inviting and interesting; strewn along the way with drowsy, nodding poppies and heavy-scented white lilies, and ever so often a nodding little sleepy-head child all cuddled up so comfy and securely in its mother's arms, and presently such a happy, snuggly feeling comes to you that you let go and tumble off the cliff of dreams into the land of forgetfulness. Let me show you that road.

When you wake, always remember that "I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness," and what is that likeness? One of its attributes is "Love," so we will start with that. "When I awake in Thy (Love's) likeness I shall be satisfied." You are already awake in an atmosphere of Love, for "In Him you live and move and have your

being.” Now the way to bring this Love into your mind is to put it into use—start loving—and to do this you begin forgiving. Forgive Mr. X—that little resentment which you hold against him, and Mrs. Blank the hurt that you received from her words. Take them by the hand and lead them out “Through green pastures” and “Beside still waters.” Say to them, “I forgive you; I have nothing in my heart against you—nothing in my heart against anybody, for I love the whole world.” Such a feeling will come to you—such a contented, peaceful feeling, and you will be all aglow with the flame of real Love; and finally, as you go on your way forgiving you will come to your own poor self standing there—that poor old dear which you have so hate-

fully accused of all sorts of wrongs, of sickness, sin and death. You have fastened all these things on it, and it needs to be forgiven, too. "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more." Now you have loosed everything, even your own self, and no wonder you lie there and radiate and radiate love.

And at last as you ponder on the wonders of Love and the thrill of forgiveness, you will feel the soft feathers of His wings folding about you. They will hover over you and the "Everlasting arms" will take you up ever so gently, and with your head snugly nestled against your Father's breast you will be borne off into that haven of rest—and shall arise therefrom, glowing with newness of life and purpose.

And so the next time the Sandman

won't come to see you, you try this plan of forgiving the whole world and see if a sweeter sense of peace does not come to you than you have ever experienced before. A tired and wornout soldier boy tried this one dark night when it seemed that the enemy was pretty thick and that they were pretty near and were doing their best to keep him awake, but when he walked with them through green pastures and beside still waters, and when he "anointed their heads with the oil of forgiveness," the noise of the guns didn't matter any more, and the unrest and fear all faded away and he went over the cliff of dreamland.

My Cup Runneth Over

My Cup Runneth Over

THOU anoint'st my head with oil, my cup runneth over," sang the psalmist. The cup of our desire is to be filled with joy—not only filled, but filled to running over. The cup of our desire is a complete willingness to let God enter your life and there have full sway. "The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth rejoice." And then we read that the temple is the body. Now the Lord is in the midst of us—He is in our very midst and is filling the cup of our desire to the brim and running it over.

Like the mountain spring rushes, gushes down the mountain sides, fills the basin full—yes, full to overflowing

—and the surplus waters the valley beneath, so God is filling our hearts with the spontaneous, live-giving joy which, when we let it run over on all sides, blesses and heals all who come in contact with it. It's an impersonal matter—you let your cup be so full of joy and take no thought where it is going to run over—everything in the universe thrives on joy. Even your dog knows when the joy is running over, because you meet him with a dash, with a snap, and he responds with the same joy; your best friend responds immediately to your joy, he slaps you on the back or puts his arm over your shoulder; he is happy to see you, to bask for a while in your joy. The child in the street greets you with the smile you give it. The man in the street feels helped by

your joy. Let your joy be so spontaneous, let it flow; let it burst up in the midst of a desert of gloom and see its oily, soothing effect on the crowd.

You have a reason to be happy—there is a reason of the faith which is within you. Floodtides of love are open to you, and constantly flowing to you, and you are but the channel, open and free for it to pass through. Then relax, let go of the stiff formal life where you are always under a mask, afraid of public opinion, afraid that something will happen if you let yourself be natural. Sure something will happen, and that something is that you will find yourself a new creature in Christ Jesus—the new mind will be in you—the new name will be written upon your forehead and ye shall be called blessed.

Hatred cannot stand the power of joy; a joyful man can outwit and overcome it at every turn in the road; anger is turned aside by joy; sin is blasted and withered in the presence of this holy substance, for it finds not its pleasure in the senses, but in right doing, in clear thinking and in purity. Real joy is born of purity—its motive power is right doing—it glories in the fact that it is reflecting the “Word”—that it is in reality “The Word made flesh.” It goes about its work singing not a foolish little ditty, but a lofty psalm of praise which is more felt than heard.

So in the morning, when you turn over for that last forty winks, just have a little talk with your “friend” self and decide to begin the day with joy. See

if you cannot get that full-to-overflowing feeling in your heart—let it gush up in you, that great feeling that “I am one with God”—I am one with the very source of joy. I can go about my work with the real song on my lips and in my heart. I will flood everywhere that I go with light and joy, like the sun floods the earth. “Still, still with thee when purple morning breaketh”—always with God. No matter where you make your bed, you turn hell into heaven because you know “if I make my bed in hell thou art there,” and where God is, is heaven.

He has anointed your head with oil—your cup is running over with joy—you are joy. Then go forth and give to the starving world—fill all their vessels full of the blessed substance.

The Other Fellow

The Other Fellow

I CAN'T help it," said the young student with a bitter wave of self-pity, "while I want to do the right thing the other fellow always wants to do the wrong. While I wouldn't deal unjustly with anyone, knowingly, yet the other fellow seems to take a keen pride in 'getting by' with all sorts of injustices."

Did you ever come to this place? Did you ever seem to stand in this fellow's shoes: that while you loved, you believed that the other fellow hated? That, while you lived in accordance with your highest knowledge of Truth, you manifested all sorts of ailments, while the other fellow went gaily along with

perfect health? That while you studied and prayed to be christlike, you believed that the other fellow derived all the benefits—that he received the things you wanted and needed?

Of course you have; and you have also believed that while you were more or less righteous (that is, at least, you desire to be) that your path was beset with thorns, while the other fellow tread along a path of roses and 'lived by the way,' indulging in all sorts of worldly pleasures.

And then you have wondered and wondered why. And right here a great big wedge of despair would force its way into your mind and make you blue and unhappy.

Suppose two men started to build houses side by side, and one of them

would drive a nail and then hurry and look around to see what the other was doing, and because he saw the other making a move which "he considered false," he would finally get so that his gaze was constantly on the other fellow, and he would whack away at his own house without looking to see where he drove his nails. True, after a time he would be able to drive a nail reasonably well without looking at it, but a good many other errors would creep into the construction while he was watching the other fellow make what he called "some mistake." At nightfall he would be not only physically fatigued, but would be a mental wreck as well, because he had spent the day assuming one of the most important of duties—and at the same time

a forbidden one—that of judging. God has lovingly relieved you of this unpleasant duty—you don't have to judge anything or anybody, for He takes care of this and rewards accordingly. "Judge not from appearances." How often it seems that something is being entirely destroyed when only way is being made for something much more wonderful and better. The breaking of the tiny blue shell of the robin's egg does not spell disaster, as might be thought from the appearances; no, it is an evidence of greater progress. So it is with man; often the thing that is taking place in him, the development which is going on, is a tearing down, a reconstruction which seems grossest error to us.

Get real busy looking within, for

there you will find the Kingdom of Heaven, and forget the other fellow in so far as criticism is concerned; put him entirely out of your mind, and spend your time getting the napkin (mortal bondage) off your own talent so that it can come to light and grow.

Listen! "Ye shall be like a tree planted by the side of a river"—a great majestic, swaying tree—sweeping the water's edge and touching the sky. Out yonder the mushroom may spring into prominence in a single day, while you are yet a struggling twig—and your growth may be slow and even tiresome at times—but when a little flurry of mortal mind takes place, when a little rain descends, the mushroom topples over and drops into the dust, and you are helped on by these storms. They strengthen you and make you

cling closer to the real principle of life. After a while in your growth you sit for some sunny moment and look back and remember only faintly the little mushroom which so troubled you. Long ago it passed into oblivion—long ago it fell into the dust, and you smile inwardly that you ever bothered to “wonder why” and be discouraged because it seemed to be getting all the benefits and you doing all the work.

You want to take with you this little word — “Judge not from appearances.” Let the other fellow develop through whatever lines that seem best for him—you are concerned only in helping him when you can. You can let him unfold in the particular way that is best for him, for “He watching over Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps” and is the only true Judge.

A Divided Kingdom

A Divided Kingdom

THAT little kingdom that you call your very own—look at it, examine into it. Is it divided? Are you of one mind and that one the mind that was also in Christ Jesus?

Do you believe that some people love while others hate you? If you do, then your kingdom is divided. “Love and hate cannot mingle”—there is no common basis for them to meet on, and they cannot dwell in the same kingdom without causing strife, turmoil and finally a division in the kingdom. If you endow that man with a power to hate you, what good is it for you to say to yourself, “There is naught but love?” What good for you to say, “Love is all power-

ful?" Your kingdom is divided and it will fall. Perhaps it will not be utterly cast down, but it will be at strife. Enemies are not for the purpose of retarding your growth, but to aid you to cling closer and closer to this great, all-absorbing Love which heals everything, even so-called hate.

Do you believe that matter is the original creator—do you think that the original sin, which is the very foundation of the lie that life is in matter and hence creation is matter, possible? If you do your kingdom is divided, and what good is it, or what profiteth it for you to declare the nothingness of matter? Do you believe that Love is both spiritual and sensual—and say to yourself, "Suffer it to be so now?" If you do, your kingdom is divided and

will fall. It will be of little merit or profit to say there is no sin and that it has no power, while you are indulging the senses. The divided kingdom will tell its own tale when it lies in a heap in the dust.

Do you believe in sickness to the extent that certain things are more difficult than others—that there are so-called “stubborn cases” which do not yield at once? Do you believe in this and also try to believe that God is Health and that He is ever present and that He is all powerful? Then the Divided power will finally cleave to one of your arguments and in your direst need who shall say that it will not be to the belief in stubborn cases.

Do you believe that you have to probe deep into the minds of the way-

farer and find out all his little personal secrets in order to pronounce some certain thing the cause of his trouble? This isn't love, but a morbid curiosity which is hiding behind the veneer of Truth which you hold up to your patient. Soon the divided kingdom will no longer be a storehouse of the Word of God, but a storehouse or a madhouse of little petty, personal secrets about this one and that.

Your kingdom is the ever present NOW—flowing with milk and honey, a place of light and joy—it is the sheepfold with open doors by which all may go in and out with perfect assurance that therein they will find healing waters and green pastures of rest and strength. Set the walls of your kingdom to the line—make its four walls

true to the standard laid down in the Book. You can do this; start today by taking a positive stand for God. Build daily with words of love and light. Fill the well of your heart with love—let it overflow so that the thirsty may drink freely. For every error which you have been telling and repeating, start a word of truth in its stead; every time you want to utter an unkind word, stop a moment and find one of your soldiers who is on the side of good and send him out. Good words are the soldiers who are fighting on the side of right, and bad words the soldiers of darkness. When you bring out a whole battalion of these wicked soldiers and turn them loose in your attempt to picture your brother, you are throwing all your weight in the balance of evil. Words



are the expression of thoughts—so many bad words represent so many bad thoughts and vice versa.

If you will try for a single day to use nothing but your good soldiers—don't even allow a bad soldier to show himself, let alone be used—you will find that by noon of the first day you will have won a victory that you never dreamed of. Keep firing away with good words at the objective you wish to win and it will soon be yours. Don't repeat error of any sort, don't even say the words, and finally good words with their subsequent good deeds and results will be the rule instead of the exception in your life, and wonderful discoveries will come to you and with it a great, grand feeling of a kingdom which is whole—a kingdom which is not divided and which will stand.

Let There Be Light

Let There Be Light

THE troop train jogged along at a disgustingly slow gait, stopping at intervals and making long, tiresome waits. Night finally came on and darkness hovered about like a heavy black mantle. There was a period of quiet. Finally at the far end of the boxcar a soldier found a stub of a candle in his kit, and lit it. "Oh, light," was the murmur that went around the crowd, and then a mad scramble ensued to get near it. Some to read, others to sit in it, and others to get a view of it—but one thing for sure—all were seeking it. The light "drew all men unto it."

And so is it with the waiting world

—they are all hungry for light. They have lived in the dark, damp cave of mortal reasoning long enough and are groping for the sunlight of truth. Darkness and ignorance go hand in hand, and with them sin and death—they are of one and the same fabric. In the darkened cloisters of an old cathedral you will find the faithful praying a prayer of ignorance—a prayer of beseeching and begging instead of “realization”—“All things are yours,” “All that the Father has is thine.” Come out into the light of understanding and acknowledge that which is already yours—or thrill with the joy of gratitude.

No wonder the Master said, “Let there be light.” When he said “Let” he did not mean that we were to stay

on bended knees for hours begging for light. "Let" in this sense means "permit or allow." Then He said, "Let your light to shine before men." You have a light all of your own—it is the individuality of you, it is the you of you—and this light is the Light of Love which is filtered through your mind—which is reflected by you—which you let loose through the channel provided. Did you know that you were a "Keeper of Light?" a "Keeper" not in the sense of hoarding up light—for such a thing were impossible—but a keeper as the "Keeper of Light" in the lighthouse tower. You have but to keep your mind open and free from worldly darkness—to keep the lenses of your mind polished and shining—to give forth this light so abundantly that "All men shall be drawn unto you." 83

I care not what your business may be, if you bring "Light" into it you will "Draw all men unto you"—you will draw all success and happiness unto it. For the darkened world is searching for a gleam of light and will find you no matter what your location or how far you may seem removed from the rest of the world. "Ye are the light of the world"—the light which is within the tower on the hill cannot be hid—neither can your light be obscured.

Did you know that with that simple yet majestic command, "Let there be light," you have the "open sesame" to all material problems? That all doors are opened before it, and no complication of mortal reasoning or doings can withstand the potency of it! When the day is breaking what a wonderful

prayer to say in your heart of hearts: "Let there be light" to guide me through this day. What a wonderful day of light would be yours; it would come flooding and streaming in on you as you went your way, until men would recognize you as a "Keeper of Light" and would come to you to seek the light on their problems. "Let there be light" may be just the thing—just the prayer—that you need to break the ice of materialism and free the imprisoned river of your activity.

If your mind is full of light, then no darkness can enter there—no ignorance, sin or death—for Light and Life are one and are eternal. Let a soft, white, glowing light of Truth accompany you, be a part of your speech and a part of your life—let it

enfold you like a mantle “white and glistening.” Jesus did this, and those who came within reach of Him were healed by the light.

Light shining on the darkness of earth draws from it the secret of the flowers—draws from the dead, dense mentality the flowers of hope, fruits of use and trees of strength. So turn your light inward sometimes and let it shine on the darkened corridors of your mind. Make a lighthouse of your darkened chambers—fill them with praise—put on the garments of light. “Arise and shine for thy light has come, and the glory of the Lord has risen upon thee.” “Let your light so shine before men.” Only, I say, “Let.” “Be still” and let. “Ye are the light of this world—a light that is set upon a hill cannot be hid.”



